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Jos. M. Friedman Attr.,
Lyceum Theatre Bldg,
Memphis,
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Tuesday March 27-

My sweetheart, Joe

Why should you feel so badly over a belated birthday present?- For that is just what it is — it is absurd for you to feel like this. As for the card, why — you expressed your wishes in your letter and they were just as welcomely received as though written on a seperate card. I took them as you meant them — from the heart — so what difference wherein you they were written? I have placed

circulars and encyclopaedias for treatments of your disease — of the heart — and they absolutely fail to diagnose such cases — isn't that strange? I hardly know what advice to give — except that besides having my vote — you have my heart, and you surely ought to manage between the two. Let me know how you are feeling now.

Weather is miserable to-day. Perhaps if it keeps up, I shall be going home early. Last night it was a way late before I could leave

with you, Joe, besides my deepest and truest love, my implicit faith — and always, always will, unless, Joe, the impossible — you upset that faith. I shall ever remain the same, and knowing how things were do you think this matter of gifts would make any difference in my feelings? I well know if you had the means you should have done as your heart dictated — and if you write again as you did, I shall be real angry, and never, never write again.

Have been looking all over in all the medical books, journals,

because one of the physicians made his appearance only when it was time for me to go home. I had to wait until the patients were all examined. Hope to have better luck to-day.

With a whopper of a kiss to my precious, I close.

Lovingly
Frances.